

Back When With Grandma Grandma

by

Katherine Weinberg Mohlenbrock

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*I am writing this at the age of 91 to and for my precious
Great Grandchildren - Brock, Gunner, Marianne and Margot Oury.
I pray that you will always have a loving relationship
with God and be forever grateful for his presence in
your lives. God does not have an answering service, so
he will be there for you every hour of the day and night.
One of Grandma Grandma's favorite daily prayers is
"This is the day which the Lord has made. we will
rejoice and be glad in it." Psalm 118 v 24*

When Grandma Grandma was a little girl I lived with my Grandparents in DuQuoin, Illinois. Their names were Amelia and John Weinberg. My Daddy was Charles Weinberg and my Mama was Sally Maud Easley Weinberg. She was a southern lady from Dyersburg, Tennessee. Sally had four sisters and three brothers. The Easley family was very poor. "Granny Easley," as I called her, did washings and ironings for people who could afford to pay her a few dollars every week. My Grandfather Easley died very young, leaving his wife with eight small children to raise.

Daddy was working in Dyersburg, Tennessee as a Telegraph Operator for the Illinois Central Railroad when he met my mother. After a short courtship they were married in Dyersburg. They lived in Dyersburg less than a year before moving to Wewoka, Oklahoma where Dad continued his work as a Telegraph Operator. My sister, Mary Elizabeth was born in Wewoka on April 6th, 1908.

My Mama and Daddy were married in Dyersburg, then went to live in Wewoka, Oklahoma where Daddy worked as a telegraph operator. My sister, Mary Elizabeth, was born in Wewoka on April 6th, 1908.

My Mama and Dad loved horseback riding and on one of the weekend rides, Mama's horse became frightened, reared up and threw Mama off, hitting her head against a tree. She recovered from this fall, but later developed a brain tumor causing her to lose her eyesight. What a tragedy that was, as she couldn't see to take care of her baby girl Elizabeth (Betty); so they moved to DuQuoin, Illinois to my Dad's parents' home.

My Grandparents' house on south Division Street in DuQuoin was referred to as the "Weinberg Home." It was a stately, two-story house just south of the Illinois Central "Round House" and east of the Illinois Central Tracks. At that time a two-story house was pretty rare, but it was barely adequate for the family of seven who lived there. It became a crowded home when my Daddy, Mama and Betty moved there. My Dad's sisters were Minnie, Toinette, Emma and Bess, all living at home.

This was a happy family however, and all of them willing to share everything they had with this new family.

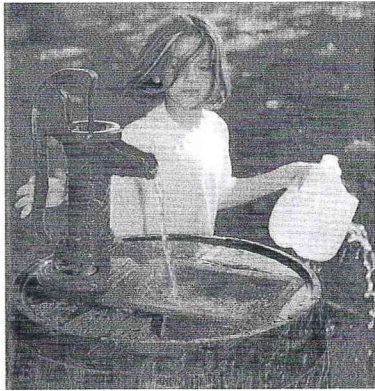
On January 20th, 1910 I was born. Dr. Boeheim came to deliver me in Grandmother's home, as no one in those days went to the hospital to have their babies. My Mama was happy to have another baby girl, whom they named Katherine Louise Weinberg, (your Grandma Grandma); but sad that she would never be able to see her. She knew what I looked like however, as she nursed me, bathed me and felt my face often. Grandmother and Aunt Toinette loved helping to care for me. They made diapers, blankets, gowns and even dresses as I grew older.

My Mama, like your Mama, Kem, was a beautiful lady, and my Mama never forgot her Southern Stylish ways. She always wore a hat and gloves to church or to town for shopping.

When I was a year old my Grandfather called me "cotton top" because of my very blond

hair. Later, my parents and my aunts called me “Kotie.” Then, as a teenager, it was Kot. That name stuck with me for the rest of my life.

As you can imagine, the Weinberg home was a constant and continuous workplace, but everyone “pitched in” to help with the many daily chores.



Wash day was always on Monday and since there was no running water in the house, the water had to be pumped from the well in the yard. (See picture). Very early on wash day several buckets of water were carried in, then heated on top of the big cook stove in the kitchen. The clothes were washed in large galvanized tubs.

Grandmother used a rough corrugated scrub board and “homemade” soap to get the clothes clean. The soap was brown in color and was made in an outside copper kettle by a neighbor who sold it in “chunks,” not bars, like your bath soap.

After the washing and scrubbing were finished, most of the clothes were rung by hand, but one of the rinse tubs had a wringer attached. This wringer had two rollers on it and when it was turned, (by hand) it squeezed the water out of the clothes that went through the rollers.

In summer all the clothes were hung outside on a clothes line to dry. This line was heavy wire and stretched across the yard between two well secured poles. During the winter months the clothes were dried in the house and hung on a line that was strung from the kitchen through the dining room. I liked to hide between the hanging sheets even though I knew it was a “no-no.”

There were no electric irons in those days so several flat irons, with wooden handles, were used. (See picture). Those irons had to be heated on top of the kitchen stove. I loved to watch

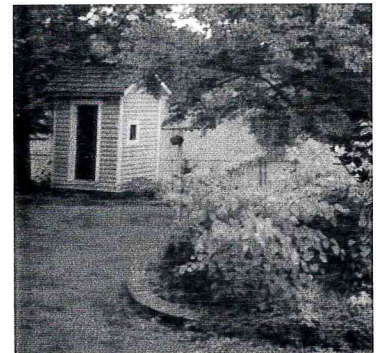


Grandmother iron Daddy and Granddad's shirts, as well as the hand-hemmed napkins we used. There were no paper napkins or paper towels back then.

Our living room was called the "Parlor" and during the winter the doors to this room were closed to preserve the heat from the big "pot bellied" stove in the dining room. The heating stove in the Parlor was used only on very severe cold days. All the stoves in the house burned coal and a "coal bucket" stood close by, filled to the brim with chunks of coal. The coal we used was delivered to the house when needed and "dumped" in a make-shift bin located outside, but close to the house. Before Grandfather went to bed each night he carefully "banked" the fires in the stoves which meant he stacked the coal in such a way that it would burn very slowly and hopefully would last through the night. Seldom did he have to use "kindling" (small pieces of wood) to get the fire started again in the morning.

My parents , Betty and I shared the only bedroom downstairs. There was no heat in this room and in winter it was bitter cold. Betty and I wore heavy flannel pajamas and long wool socks to bed. Grandmother heated bricks for us to take to bed to warm our feet. These bricks were heated on the dining room stove then wrapped in lots of newspapers, so the bricks would not burn us, but would be hot enough to stay warm through most of the night.

Besides the two double beds in this room there was an attractive wood cupboard where we hung our clothes; also a "washstand." This washstand had the same finish as the cupboard and was built to hold a large porcelain wash bowl, a pitcher of water and a towel rack. There was always water in the pitcher to be used for "washing up" or just for washing our hands. Between the beds there was a "slop jar" or a "commode" where we could go to the bathroom at night. There was no bathroom in this house, so during the day we walked



outside to a “privy” or “outhouse” to pee or poop. This privy was a tall narrow wood building with one small window and a heavy door that locked (see picture). Inside was a solid wood, box-like bench about the height of a chair seat. On top of this structure was a two-inch thick board where two round holes had been cut. The holes had been carefully carved to avoid splintering, as we sat over these holes, very much like your toilet seats. Between these two holes lay a large catalogue (Sears Roebuck). The sheets from this catalogue could be torn out and used for wiping as there was no toilet tissue back then. As you can imagine, this outside toilet was a bad “smelly” place, so Grandfather kept a large box of powdered lime in the privy. The lime was sprinkled directly on the human waste which assured decomposing as well as eliminating bad odors.



My Grandparents' house was the only house on the block with electricity. There was one light in each room which consisted of a single electric cord hung from the ceiling with a light bulb and a shade attached. We often had electric failures too, so we kept kerosene lamps to give us light (see picture). These lamps were all glass. The bowl of the lamps held the kerosene fuel with a wick inserted. This wick came up into the lamp's chimney then lighted. It was controlled for brightness by a thumb screw. The wick had to be lighted with a match. Kerosene could be bought at most grocery stores.

Each night before bed time, Grandmother would read to us from her Bible; then often she would tell us stories about her childhood. The story I remember so well was how her Daddy put her on his shoulders (at age three) so she could see President Abraham Lincoln's flag draped train as it moved slowly through Pennsylvania to his burial ground. Later his body was moved to Springfield, Illinois for his permanent burial place.

At Christmas time we read and re-read stories of Jesus' birth; then Betty and I decorated the Christmas tree. We had very few Christmas ornaments, so Betty and I made strings of paper rings and long strings of popcorn and cranberries to decorate the tree. Our Christmas stockings were hung on nails behind the tree, in the parlor. On Christmas morning I always found pieces of coal or small sticks stuffed in the top of my stocking. It took some digging to get down to the toe where I usually found a piece of jewelry from my Dad. My favorite find was a gold lavalier with a real pearl in the center. That lavalier is still on my gold charm bracelet today.

I seldom received toys during the year, but I did get a lot of books to read as my Aunt Toinette and Aunt Emma were both school teachers and knew that learning to read well was very important.

My Dad bought my first bicycle when I was about nine years old. What a thrill that was as I was permitted to ride to my friends' house and even to the dime store downtown.

In the summer my Grandfather's vegetable garden was a thing of beauty as he "hoed out" all the weeds as soon as they peeked through the ground. In the garden there were rows of potatoes, lettuce, cucumbers, carrots, cabbage, peas, beans, radishes, tomatoes, and corn. I like the long white radishes the best and my special, after school, treat was to pull up a radish, rinse it off, then eat it with a slice of Grandmother's homemade bread, buttered of course.

There were also fruit trees in the yard - cherry, pear and apple. When the cherries were ripe, I climbed up the tree with a small bucket in my hand and picked enough cherries for a fresh baked pie. Grandfather also had grape vines growing over an arbor that he had made of wood and heavy wires. Grandmother made lots of grape jelly and put some in small glass jars topped with melted paraffin that hardened when cooled. The paraffin kept the jelly from

spoiling until ready to use. Some of the apples were stored in the cool "Smoke House" for winter and some were sliced and dried in the sun for pie making later. We had lots of apple sauce too that Grandmother made, but the apple butter, that we put on toast, was made by women in the Lutheran Church. In the fall, these women peeled and sliced a bushel or more of apples, then cooked them in a large copper kettle outside, over an open fire. The ladies took turns stirring the apples using a long wooden paddle. Sometime, during the long hours of cooking, they added sugar, some allspice and cinnamon. They continued stirring until the mixture was thick and ready to be put in glass jars and sealed.

Grandmother canned a lot of vegetables and fruits in quart jars. These were stored in a "cellar" that had been built beneath a small area under our kitchen floor. To get to the cellar this section of the floor had to be lifted by an attached flat brass ring. The cellar itself was not very deep, but wide enough for two shelves on either side, where the canned goods could be stored. The walls and floor of the cellar were tightly packed dirt mixed with a little home mixed cement. I remember how cool it was in the cellar, but never cold enough to freeze.

There was no refrigeration in my Grandparents' house, but they had a large wooden "ice chest" sitting on the back porch. During the summer months the ice man came to the house once a week. His flat bed wagon was horse drawn and he hauled large blocks of ice, each one weighing 100 pounds, or more. Everyone loved the ice man! When he came down our street every kid on the block came running, as the ice man let us catch or pick up all the small pieces of ice that fell off as he split a 25 or 50 pound chunk to put in the ice chest. He carried the ice with heavy tongs. A handle in the middle made the sharp tongs sink into the ice for easy pickup and carrying. Sometimes, in very hot weather, the ice in the chest didn't last a week, so Grandmother would put the butter and cream in containers and lower them into the upper part

of the well. There it was cool enough to keep them from spoiling.

Everyone in the family had to be careful about the use of water as our only supply of drinking and cooking water came from the well. The water we used for bathing and hair washing was soft water that ran off the roof into large wooden barrels. These barrels were placed under the water spouts to catch the water when it rained.

My sister and I had baths every Saturday, but every night before bedtime we had to wash our face, neck, legs, and feet. We used one of Grandmother's wash tubs for our bath tub.

Within a few steps, from our back porch, was a small, well-built, building called the "Smoke House." This was where all the "home killed" meat was hung. The hams came from the hogs, raised in the barn yard. The hogs had been well fed and fattened until time for butchering, which was always done in the late fall. "Butchering Day" was when friends and neighbors came to help. The men came early to help kill the hogs and the women and children came later, bringing with them all kinds of good food like fried chicken, potato salad, cooked vegetables, fruit pies, and cakes. It was a great family day, from daylight until dark and lots of fun for all the kids. We played old and new games with some "dress-up and made up shows" for entertainment. Our games were hide and seek, treasure hunts, races on homemade wooden stilts, kick the can, baseball, and "whipcracker." To play "crack the whip," the kids held hands making a half-circle, then the leader, in front, started running very fast with each kid hanging on for dear life. It was the kid on the end that was "whipped" until he could no longer hang on. After awhile the leader was the only survivor.

Now back to the "smoke house." There were other "goodies" stored there, besides the hams that hung from the ceiling. I remember the two large porcelain crocks sitting there. One was filled with medium size cucumbers covered with salted water, home grown dill, garlic and

vinegar. After a few months, these cucumbers became the best dill pickles you ever tasted.

The other crock was filled with shredded cabbage, very little water, and lots of salt, which in time made "kraut." Kraut was one of our favorite cooked vegetables and it was there for us to enjoy all winter.

The few young pigs, that were left, shared the barn yard with a lot of chickens, a couple of turkeys, a few ducks, a guinea hen and one very mean rooster. This rooster seemed to enjoy pecking at everyone who came near and I dreaded going through the barn yard to gather eggs. However, most of the hens laid their eggs in straw nests built above the ground in the barn.

Almost every Saturday it was Grandfather's job to catch and kill a chicken or two to be cooked for Sunday dinner. Grandmother usually fried the young chickens and stewed the older hens, so she could make dumplings with the rich broth.

Grandfather usually killed the chickens by wringing their heads off. I thought that was a pretty brutal way to kill a chicken, but Grandfather assured me it was such a quick motion that the chicken felt no pain. After a chicken was killed, it was quickly emerged in a bucket of scalding water. This made the feathers come off the chicken with just a slight rubbing. Otherwise the feathers would have to be picked off and that was a hard, slow process.

Inside the barn, Grandfather kept a horse and one cow. The horse's name was Nellie and the cow was called Daisy. Daisy was a great "milk cow" as she furnished enough milk for the entire family. Our butter was made from the cow's milk by "churning" the rich whole milk. Churning was done with a wooden paddle inserted in a crock or large porcelain vessel. To get butter, the paddle had to be pushed up and down with violence and with a continued motion until small pieces of yellow butter could be seen. The butter was then siphoned off and made into balls and stored in the ice chest.

My Grandfather milked Daisy early in the morning and again in the evening. During the summer months Daisy was taken to a pasture to eat green grass. This pasture was just beyond the Illinois Central Railroad tracks. Sometimes Aunt Bessie and I would go to bring Daisy back and occasionally Aunt Bessie would put me on Daisy's back for a risky and very bumpy ride back to the barn.

Grandfather's horse, Nellie, was a beauty and a joy. She was a gentle horse who liked to be petted and curried. Her home was inside the barn, but once in a while Grandfather would hitch her up to his shiny black buggy for a trip to town. As a little girl, getting a ride in that buggy was something very special.

The barn itself was kept full of hay, straw and feed for both the horse and Daisy. Some of the bales of hay were stored in the loft of the barn. This loft made a great "play place." My sister and I would climb to the loft on a very shaky wooden ladder. We loved taking our dolls and visiting playmates to the loft to play "house or school."

We had lots of good food to eat at Grandmother's and each meal began with a prayer of Thanksgiving. I was taught good table manners and good habits like chewing with my mouth closed, no elbows on the table, and eating everything on my plate. Each morning for breakfast, we had bacon or ham, eggs, and freshly made biscuits. There was no boxed cereal back then, but we did have cooked oatmeal once or twice a week. Grandfather described himself as a "meat, bread, and potato" man and these three foods were on the table every meal. Our main meal was at noon and I walked home from the Ward School to be there every day. This was a one mile walk and one mile back, so it had to be a fast walk or a run to get back to school before the last bell rang.

On snow days I loved taking my lunch - always in a brown paper sack. We had no

lunch boxes for kids, but Grandfather had a tin “lunch bucket” that he took to the coal mines where he worked.

Our evening meal was “supper” and it consisted mostly of left-overs from the noon meal. I just wish you could know how good fried potatoes and onions smelled while being cooked for supper. Believe me, no “gourmet dish” ever tasted that good.

My Aunt Toinette was the one who planned most of our meals. She loved to cook and was an expert at making pies and cakes. Her specialty was “Angel Food” cake and her recipe called for eleven egg whites. There were no boxed cakes back then and very few cook books. My Aunt taught me to cook and instilled in me the love I have always had for cooking.

Cottage cheese was usually on the supper table. Grandmother did not make cottage cheese herself, but we had a neighbor down the street who made cottage cheese. This cheese was made from clabbered or curdled milk. This clabbered milk was put in a thin cloth bag and hung on an outside clothes line to drain off the liquid. What was left in the bag was thick curds and was called cottage cheese. To keep the curds soft and more edible it was mixed with a little cream.

Grandmother called this “Schmier Casa” - no doubt that was the German word for cottage cheese. My Grandparents spoke and understood German very well. They attended the Evangelical Lutheran church in DuQuoin where the Sunday sermons were often given in German. Some of our neighbors, who lived across the alley, spoke German and Mrs. Schickandanz was one of them. She came often to chat with Grandmother.

After Grandfather retired from working in the underground coal mines, he and his brother Charlie Weinberg bought a building on the west side of DuQuoin. Uncle Charlie, who was my great uncle, had attended an embalming school and received a state license to embalm

people for burial. This west side building became a furniture store as well as a funeral home. My Grandfather managed the furniture department. I was impressed with the open elevator in this building. It took people to the second floor to purchase burial caskets. Somehow the elevator was electrically operated as you pushed a button to start it. This was a very slow, shaky lift however, and it looked as though it was held together on both sides by large, heavy ropes. It was an unusual apparatus for the year 1917.

By the time I was three or four years old my Dad was well established with the "Midwest Dairy Company" and the "Ice and Storage Company." Daddy was one of the bookkeepers for both companies. In 1913 my Dad became a part owner with Mr. Will Hayes in a "Coca Cola" Franchise. This turned out to be a wise and lucrative investment.

My Dad would often bring home ice cream from the ice plant; but my fondest memories were the Sunday afternoons when he would take Betty and me to the "Ice Plant." Dad would roll out a large gallon can of chocolate ice cream and tell us to fill our bowls (brought from home) with as much as we could eat. What a special, unforgettable treat that was.

My Dad's first car was a Ford Coupe. He bought his second car when I was five or six years old. It was a Studebaker, four door, open touring car. It came with side enclosures made of canvas and Isinglass. These side pieces could be fastened to the frame of the car and were made to keep out the rain. Putting these side enclosures on however, was not an easy process and often the passengers in the car, would get wet before Dad could get them in place.

I was the only member of the family to get "car sick" (motion sickness). On our Sunday afternoon drives we would only travel a short distance before Dad would have to stop the car to let me "throw up." I wondered why he didn't leave me at home, but he never did.

During World War I my Dad wanted to read and hear as much as he could about the

war, so he bought our first radio so we could all listen to the news. The war ended in 1918.

My Dad loved to hunt and fish and our dog, a Labrador Retriever, was always ready to go with him. Every fall my Dad hunted quail and at that time there was plenty of quail, as the farmers purposely kept hedge rows where quail could nest. Our family always looked forward to having quail for Thanksgiving breakfast.

In the winter your Grandpa Grandpa hunted geese from a "blind." A blind was a big hole dug in the ground where you could sit and not be seen when a flock of geese flew by. He and his son Bill (your Papa) would leave the house at three or four o'clock in the morning, drive to their favorite hunting ground and stay until they shot a goose or two. Your Papa shot his first goose at age twelve. Have him tell you about it.

For fishing and hunting ducks my Dad usually went to the "Hallidayboro Lake." He was a member of the Hallidayboro club and our family spent many weekends there. The clubhouse was a large log cabin with a well-equipped kitchen, three bedrooms and an oversized fireplace that heated the whole cabin in cold weather. This lake and club was south of Elkhart, Illinois and the lake itself surrounded the cabin on three sides. This is where I learned to swim and shoot ducks. It was also great for ice skating. Dad was a good ice skater and we went skating often in the winter.

Years later I was sad to learn that the club house had been torn down to make way for a new housing development.

After the DuQuoin grade school was out for the summer, my Mother, sister Betty, and I went to my "Granny Easley's" home in Dyersburg, Tennessee. We went by train on the Illinois Central Railroad. There was a diner on this train, but we couldn't afford to have lunch there, so Grandmother fixed us a sack lunch. What was inside that sack was a surprise and so tempting

that we had to open it. We usually found fried chicken and we had to have one piece even before we got to Cairo, Illinois, just sixty miles from home. Part of the train trip was scary as we traveled across the Ohio River on a railway bridge that had no guard rails on either side - so looking out the train window, all we could see was water.

Mama was always glad to get back to her home in Dyersburg where her Mother, four sisters, and three brothers lived. Her Mother was Mary Easley (sometimes called Molly). Mama's sisters were Nettie, Ava, Pearl, and Mackie. Her brothers were Moss, Murren, and Clifford. Their Southern brogue (accents) were fascinating to me and easy to get used to, even to acquire. They never seemed to use "hello" as a greeting, it was always "hey."

Granny Easley's noonday dinner was a sight to behold. There was two kinds of meat, one of which was always country ham. There were five or six bowls of vegetables, fresh picked and cooked, from Uncle Lee's garden. Uncle Lee was Granny's brother who did all the gardening. That truly was a "sun up to sun down" job for him. My favorite vegetable was turnip greens and they were cooked to perfection by the nice black lady who came every morning to help Granny in the kitchen.

My Mama, Betty, and I spent every summer in Dyersburg until Mama's death. Granny Easley was a remarkable woman and certainly a role model for all who knew her. She died at age 84 in 1945.

When I was eleven years old my Mama began having very severe headaches and they continued without ceasing until her death in 1922. Mama was 36 years old and I was just twelve. This was a real tragedy for me and I had a hard time accepting her death, even though I was surrounded by lots of love and caring from my aunts and grandparents.

In 1923 my dad became interested and involved with Mr. Will Hayes in developing the

DuQuoin Fair Grounds, which later became the DuQuoin State Fair. Mr. Hayes owned several horses and was interested in getting harness racing started on the new fair grounds track. He also had visions of getting the best carnivals to come to DuQuoin, as well as the very best entertainers. He accomplished all three of these and was well pleased when Red Skelton, Phil Harris and Bob Hope were featured at the night shows. Your Grandpa Grandpa Mohlenbrock got to play golf with Bob Hope at the Jackson Country Club for two days during the fair.

My Dad was secretary and treasurer of the fair and we all watched the fair grow from a small country fair to the largest state fair in the region. The harness racing was held on four days of fair week and automobile races on the weekend and Labor Day. Mr. Hayes had two outstanding horses, "Lusty Song," and "Pronto Don." Lusty Song won the first Hambletonian race in 1959. When both horses died they were buried in the "infield" of the grounds, near the track.

Horse trainers, drivers, and owners of harness racing horses came from near and far to enter their horses in the famous "Hambletonian Race." This race was held at the DuQuoin State Fair from 1959 to 1981.

Both your great-grandparents loved the Fair and we kept a Grandstand Box (seating six people) there for over fifty years. On Hambletonian Race day, your Grandma Grandma had fun hosting thirty to forty, out of town guests, including some celebrities, to a luncheon. This was held on the patio of our beautiful home at 2300 Division Street in Murphysboro.

Sometime you should visit the DuQuoin Fair grounds to see where my good friend and classmate Eugene (Gene) Hayes and his wife Leah lived. Gene's father, Will Hayes, built identical houses on the fair grounds for his two sons, Gene and Don. These were beautiful mansion type homes surrounded by manicured landscaping, an outside swimming pool and

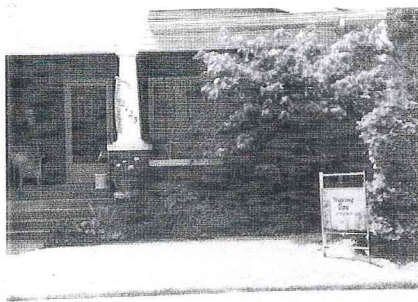
tennis courts. Gene and Leah had two children, Jane and Bill. I watched Jane and Bill grow up there, and as an adult, Jane Hayes Rader has been my dearest friend and mentor. "I loved her as a daughter." The Hayes Fairground home was sold to the State of Illinois in 1985. The house is referred to now as the "Hayes House." The Governors of Illinois are privileged to stay here when they attend the Fair each year.

In 1924 my Dad married his second wife, Matilda (Till) White of DuQuoin. After this marriage my Dad bought a nice two story home at 225 East North Street in DuQuoin. I was fourteen years old when we moved there and for me this house was a dream come true, as it had running water, a real bathroom. and an inside toilet. I even had my own room with a closet to hang my clothes.

On September 30, 1925 my half brother Robert Eugene Weinberg was born. What a joy he was for all of us.

In 1927 I graduated from DuQuoin High School. In the fall I went to Lindenwood Collage in St. Charles, Missouri. This was a Presbyterian girls' college and my very best friend, Lois Linzee and I went there together. Our plan was to attend Lindenwood for two years, but three weeks after we returned home for the summer, Lois died suddenly from a brain tumor. This was in June 1927 and another real tragedy for me. I could not return to Lindenwood after that, so I enrolled at the University of Illinois for the fall term. My sister Betty was a senior there and after pledging, we both lived at the Chi Omega Sorority house in Champaign. The cost, for our room and meals there was \$50.00 a month. This was in the middle of the "Big Depression" and I thought this was pretty expensive for my Dad to have to pay. I made some extra spending money however, by modeling, on special weekends, at Robeson's Department store in Champaign.

I graduated from the University of Illinois in 1932, then came home to look for work. The country was still in a state of "depression" so jobs were hard to come by. I took a part-time job however, with the Illinois Relief Commission as a Social Worker. This work I liked, as my second major at the University of Illinois was in Social Science. My Dad bought me my first car, a two-door Ford Thunderbird, which I needed for work. This car was a real luxury for me too, as I could drive to the Perry County Golf Club everyday after work, to play nine holes of golf or practice. That game I loved, and in time, played well enough to get a low handicap of twelve. It was on this golf course that I met Dr. William Mohlenbrock, a young Ear, Nose, and Throat Specialist who had just started his practice in Murphysboro. I married Dr. Bill Mohlenbrock (your Grandpa Grandpa) on December 18th, 1937.



On January 25th, 1939, our son, William Charles, was born (your "Papa"). We bought a nice home at 2125 Division Street in Murphysboro, with my Dad's help of course. The price of the house was six thousand dollars and we didn't have \$6,000.00. We only had \$1,000.00, so with Dad's help we moved there in August 1939. (see picture). It was in this house that I had my Grandmother Weinberg's birthday dinners every year until her death on November 24th, 1954. She was ninety-six years old.

I almost forgot to tell you that your Grandpa Grandpa was a good baseball player. He was a star catcher in high school and was so talented in that position that he was hired and played with several minor league teams in Illinois and Missouri. He was also offered a chance to "tryout" with the St. Louis Cardinals. He gave up this offer however, when he decided to go to medical school.

The following are dates that may be interesting to you in the future. Your Great-Grandfather Charles H. Weinberg died in April 1940 at age 57. Your Great-Grandmother Clarabell Mohlenbrock died the same year at age 57. My Aunt Minnie died at age 100 and my Grandmother Weinberg at age 96.

Your Grandpa Grandpa practiced medicine in Murphysboro, Illinois from 1935 until May 1981. In June of 1983 he was the "Medical Director" at the Menard Prison in Chester, Illinois. He loved working with the prisoners and was certainly a role model for them. He spent every Thursday morning there for over fifty years. He retired in 1983.

In 1958 your Grandma Grandma was appointed to the University of Illinois Alumni Board and I attended all meetings at the University during my six year term. Jane Hayes Rader took my place on the board.

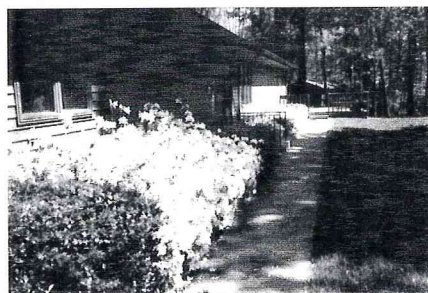
From May 1959 through 1973 I was a part-time Juvenile Probation Officer working with children under the age of sixteen who had been in court and declared delinquent. I was the first woman to work in Jackson County in this capacity. After fourteen years I retired from this job and went to work with your Grandpa Grandpa in his medical office at 108 N. 14th Street in Murphysboro. His office visits at that time were \$5.00, but in 1974 he raised his fee to \$10.00 an office visit and \$25.00 for a tonsillectomy.

In 1942, shortly after the start of World War II, your Grandpa Grandpa received a notice to proceed to the U.S. Army Air Corps base in St. Petersburg, Florida. Our son Bill, age three, and I left our home in Murphysboro and lived in St. Petersburg for one year. After that year "Lieutenant" Grandpa Grandpa was sent to Keesler Field in Gulfport, Mississippi. We three lived in Biloxi, Mississippi in a rented home facing the Gulf of Mexico. Your "Papa" had great fun in Biloxi. He attended Mrs. Touleau's Kindergarten for one year and on graduation day,

gave the "class address." The best part of living there however, was fishing in the Gulf. Bill and I fished every day and caught lots of crabs by tying a piece of bacon to a string and weighing it down with a rock. After two years in Biloxi, we left for Denver, Colorado where Grandpa Grandpa treated army patients at "Lowry Field." Your Papa attended first grade at the University of Colorado. In February 1946 Grandpa Grandpa, then a Captain, received his discharge from the United States Army Air Corps, so it was back home to Murphysboro.

As for me, your Grandma Grandma, was glad to get back home and on the golf course. I had given up the game for six years. I took lessons, practiced and played a lot of 18 holes. During the next few years I won several Southern Illinois tournaments and qualified to enter the Ladies State Golf Tournament that was held every year in June. I was also honored to serve on the State Golfing board for six years. Between the years 1949 through 1965 I won the Jackson Country Club Ladies Golf Championship Tournament seven times and had a lot of fun doing it.

In August 1950 we started building our dream home in Murphysboro with the help of two very talented architects from St. Louis. The builder was Ira Parish. We moved into our new home in April 1951. The address was 2300 Division Street. We lived there 41 years before it burned on June 11th, 1992. After this loss and tragedy we built a smaller, three bedroom home on our next hill, near the G.M.&O. train tracks (2442 Division Street). We were surrounded by woods and we saw a lot of deer in the yard. After living there for only seven years, your Grandpa Grandpa died from Alzheimer's Disease on August 1st, 1999.



Now we are already into the 21st Century and it is hard, for even me, to realize that I lived long before Penicillin, Pampers, antibiotics, vitamins and multiple shots for kids. Back

then, there were no such things as credit cards, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets or beauty shops either, but I can well remember that a nickel could buy a cream soda, a Coca Cola or an ice cream cone.

Even when I reached high school age there were no Pizza Huts, no McDonalds, no jeans, and no Wal-Marts. We had typewriters in schools, but no electric ones and nothing that resembled a computer.

I remember that during World War II many foods were rationed and butter was one of them. We bought oleo margarine that came in a plastic bag with a little colored capsule enclosed. You popped open the capsule and out oozed some yellow colored stuff to mix with the oleo. This colored the oleo and we thought we had butter.

By my college years, cigarette smoking was fashionable, but “pot” was still a pot we cooked in. Drugs were rare and used only for medicine.

So you see, Grandma Grandma’s generation lacked many luxuries, but what a simple “family oriented” world it was. We watched kids create their own fun and they were all free to “come and go” without fear.

It was a different time “back then,” but in many ways it was the “best of times.”

During my part time job, your Grandpa Grandpa and I had many wonderful trips together - some in the United States and some abroad. I will recall some of them for you:

1953 was our first sailing trip to South America. Our son Bill (your Papa) at age fourteen was with us. We got permission to take him out of the eighth grade in late February and to return in May so he could graduate with his class. We sailed from New Orleans, stopped a half day at St. Thomas Island then on to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This one way trip took fifteen days . The Rio Harbor was breathtaking. We stayed in Rio with my sister Betty and her husband Dr. Van Brown, a U.S. Navy officer. We were there several weeks, then took plane trips to Argentina, Santiago, Chili and Lima, Peru. Betty, Van and their daughters Sue and Kay were with us. We came home from Lima via the Panama Canal.

Other trips and dates are listed here:

1964 - New York World's Fair, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Islands and Quebec. I was called home from Quebec for the death of my Step-Mother.

1965 - A golf trip to Dorado Beach.

1966 - To Hawaii for golf a Mauna Kea and Oahu

1967 - A north west trip to Washington State, Alberta and Canada.

1968 - Western Mediterranean, Lisbon and Madrid, Spain. Golf at Penina and Madiera.

1969 - A golfing trip with friends to Ireland (two courses). In Scotland we played the famous St. Andrews Course, also Glen Eagles, Troon and Turnberry. In England we played golf on "the Burma Road," near Eaton and while we were in Worchester, England we watched the unbelievable "Walk on the Moon" on T.V. We then went on to London.

1971 - The Orient Trip - Japan, Hong Kong, Tokyo and Singapore.

1972 - Hawaii for golf on the Island of Maui.

1973 - A driving trip to Alaska with Bill (your Papa), Betty (your Nana) and your Mama Kem (age eight). We were the lucky tourist to get an excellent view of Mt. McKinley. We finished our 9,000 Alaska trip in San Diego.

1976 - To Australia, South Pacific and New Zealand.

1977 - A visit to the Holy Land taking with us the three California Mohlenbrocks. Son Bill joined us at the port at A'shad. We also visited Italy (I liked Santorini), Egypt, Israel and, of course, Jerusalem and Athens. Believe it or not, your Papa took a quick swim in the Sea of Galilee as we crossed this sea to get to a "Kabutz" for lunch. On this trip all five of us reaffirmed our Christian Faith by being baptized in the Jordan River.

Then, after all these trips, we settled down and spent three months each winter in California. Our "Home Away From Home" was Lake San Marcos in California.

